

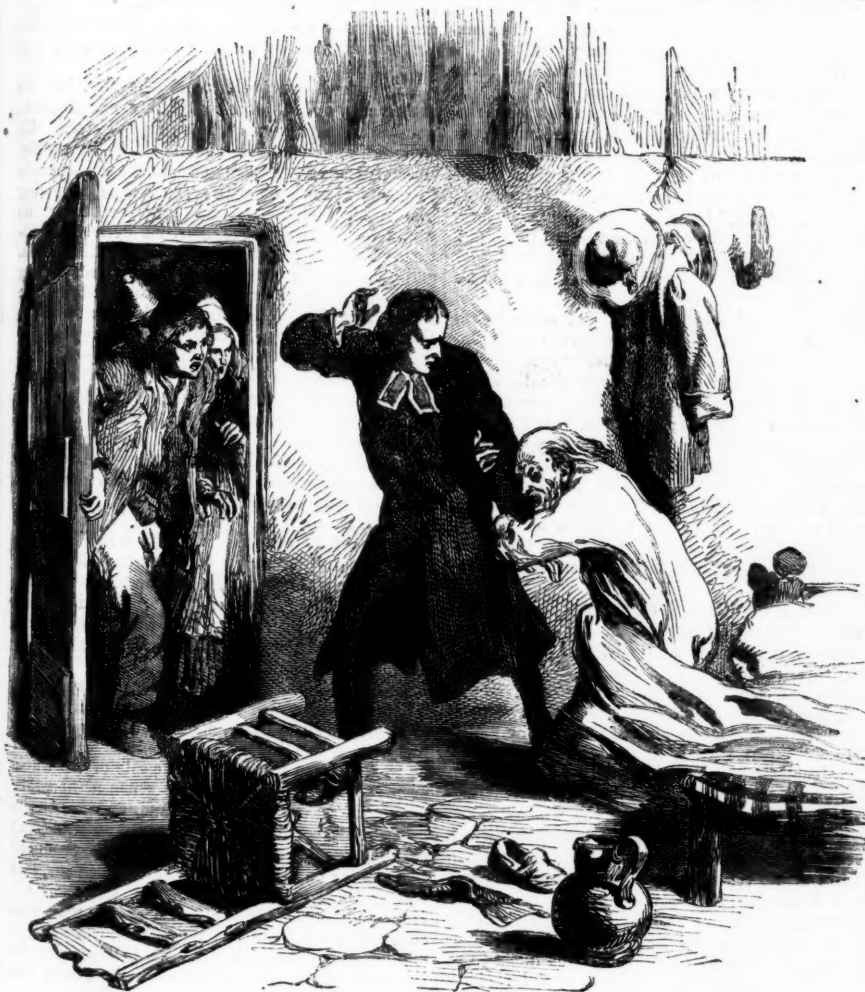
# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 183.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1855.

{PRICE 1d.  
{STAMPED 2d.



THE LAST HOURS OF PETER NISSEN.

## THE DOWNWARD PATH:

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

### CHAPTER II.

It was in the winter of 1823; the very low price of all agricultural produce pressed heavily upon No. 183, 1855.

the landed proprietors, and it began to be difficult for Peter Nissen to maintain either his expenditure or his credit. I was a happy youth then, and sat in my father's workshop on Christmas eve, learning my hymn on the Nativity for the following

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day. My father was a shoemaker and tanner, and as he sat working at his lamp, it served me for light also, and he heard me repeat my task. I had pretty well mastered it when old Peter Jurgens came in. He was my grandfather; and so patriarchal was his appearance that the whole of the villagers named him their grandpapa. Scarcely was he seated when Peter Nissen opened the door and stood in the midst of us. Jurgens immediately rose and went aside, as if wishing to avoid any conversation with him, while Peter at once seated himself pompously in the vacant chair and asked for a light to his pipe.

"There it is," said Jurgens; "but you are wonderfully quick in seating yourself. I think your legs are strong enough to carry you."

"Oh, yes!" replied Peter. "I am thankful I do not carry so heavy a burden as you!"

This reply might be well borne out by the superior size and plumpness of Jurgens, and Peter laughed at his joke, expecting we should do the same; but all of us thought at the moment of another burden Peter had to bear.

"Here, master," he said, addressing my father, "I must have a pair of the best boots, finely and strongly stitched. Do you understand me? By new-year's day they must be ready, for I have a long journey to take then."

My father took his measure; and while he remained sitting I could not but observe contending emotions in Peter's looks, and that he seemed ill at ease in all his movements. He went silently away, and Jurgens at once said: "Whatever may be in the wind I know not; but I fear Satan is urging that man to further mischief. May we all be defended from his wiles. Is it true that his wife has separated from him? Well, I cannot blame her. The butler told me the other day that he would not stay longer than Easter in his service, his treatment is so bad; and then there are disturbances every night in the house, as if bedlam were let loose."

Conversation followed of various kinds, about Peter's wife sitting all day in an empty room, weeping: it was also mentioned that his corn had been threshed out and sold directly, and that other suspicious circumstances had been noticed.

Suddenly, my grandfather exclaimed: "Look you, friends; I shall be able to go home by moonlight."

"Moonlight!" remarked my father; "where can that come from?"

Scarcely had he looked from the window when he called the alarm of "Fire!" the door was thrown open and both rushed out. I, inexperienced in such terrors, began to cry, expecting nothing less than that the whole village was doomed to destruction. It was soon found that it was only one house that was in flames, namely, the dwelling of the rich Peter Nissen, which was likely to be burned to the ground. With frightful rapidity one thatched portion of the premises was consumed after another, so that the lives of the family and servants were with difficulty saved. Costly furniture, stores of corn and hay, and the extensive stabling and cattle sheds, all fell before the raging element. It was dreadful to hear the struggles of the horses and their shrieks of anguish, the hollow bellowing of the tortured

animals mingling with the pitiful outcries of the crowd of women and children! Peter himself, having rescued his black steed from its stall, stood quietly holding it by the halter. "Let the trumpery burn," he said. "What's the need of all this outcry!" When the roof fell upon the smoking ruins, and the bystanders were able to discover the extent of the mischief, it was difficult to say whether the superstitious people were most embittered against Peter or his horse; but the deepest suspicion rested on one or the other of them, as being an instrument of evil in setting fire to the homestead. It was, however, openly declared by some that this was an outrage exceeding all the others of which Peter had been guilty, and that the measure of his iniquity was nearly full.

An inquest was held upon the fire, by the proper officer; but, after a searching examination, nothing could be proved against Peter. He therefore rode, with his usual boldness, next day through the village to the city, in order once more to purify himself on oath; the people following him with their eyes, and fully expecting he would be choked in the marl-pit before his return. But, no; Peter again came safely back, and set himself at once to the work of rebuilding his house. By the next spring a new edifice rose from the ruins, with barns, stables, and cattle sheds; though no one could conceive where he could find money to accomplish his object. But Peter had managed to obtain a policy of insurance, in a safe company, for his house, outbuildings, and all his stock of corn and cattle, two months before the fire took place. From this company, after a great deal of difficulty, he obtained enough to complete his buildings; but the greater portion of his claim was disputed and lost.

At length his new dwelling was habitable, and Peter went to reside in it. His wife, however, could not be persuaded to accompany him; she allowed him to take the children, but threw herself solely on her own property, and avoided all intercourse with him. This was Peter's ruin. Waste, extravagance, and disorder unchecked, now reigned throughout his household.

About two years after this it was noised about, "It is all over with Peter; let those to whom he owes money make haste, and get their own." It was so. A meeting of creditors was called, and he was declared insolvent. The sale of his whole property took place at a time when a monetary panic prevailed through the land, and his effects brought at their sale scarcely as many *hundreds* as they would at other times have produced *thousands*; on which account several persons, and among them most of the orphans, lost their all. He sought refuge in the house of his wife, who received him without any reproaches, while one or another of his creditors took his little children to their homes, thus rewarding evil with good; the eldest son became my father's apprentice.

My calling led me from home, and for six years I dwelt at a considerable distance. Having the offer of a situation in a neighbouring city, I accepted it gladly, as bringing me within reach of an occasional visit to my parents, in my native village. It was mid-winter when I had an opportunity of seeing once more my home and

friends, and spending a few days with them. It was on the occasion of a kind of family feast in Germany, the slaying of the pig fatted during the season. At two o'clock in the morning after my arrival the household were already on their legs, the copper was simmering, the tubs were ready, the straw and benches were all in order, and soon the poor pig had breathed its last. The apprentice was just adjusting the scales to ascertain the weight of our prize, when some one knocked loudly at the door. It was the watchman of the village, whose office it was to inquire into all noises or labours that were carried on during the night. I at once opened the door; but from the pale countenance, the staring eyes, the hungry and half-frozen appearance of the being who stood before me, I involuntarily started back. I had to collect my senses—it was Peter Nissen! I shut the door, and, after asking permission, he stood quietly in a corner of the barn. I offered him a chair, and he sat down. When the full light fell upon him, no one could look on that grief-worn, care-wrinkled face without a shudder. He looked half-starved and shivering with cold, with a blouse ragged at the elbows, boots on his feet through which his toes were visible, and with an indescribable expression of despair on his countenance, which showed that good angels had long since resigned their guardianship over him, and stood weeping in the distance. Such was the shattered ruin of Peter Nissen that sat there—he who might have led a life of usefulness and happiness far beyond many others.

When at length he was a little thawed, so to speak, he asked for something warm. That, on such an occasion, mulled beer and bread and butter were ready prepared, might be expected; and Peter partook thankfully of what was presented to him.

"Is that your son?" he said to my father. I answered him that I was, and he continued: "Young man, you have the world before you; take care that you set not your heart on riches. I say riches, for they are the bait of the devil. Mark what I say; I should have been happy as a day-labourer, ten times happier than what I have been; but what Peter has now become has been by the love of riches. Yes, he who plays with dollars in his youth will beg for farthings when he is old. Look again on me! Alas! what you see is nothing. You must feel, feel what I feel, and then you would know my—; but my time is up. Adieu!"

He stepped abruptly into the street, and sang loudly in that cold December night one of the pious staves with which, in Germany, the progress of the hours is marked.

"Masters, let me the true hour tell,  
The clock has struck *Three* upon the bell;  
The sorrow of which man bears the load  
Can be lessen'd alone by the Triune God."

"We have never had a better watchman," remarked my father; "there never strikes an hour that he does not notice correctly and sing his verse."

"Yes," said the apprentice; "it is because the fellow can't sleep of a night. The verses were made for him by old James who fought against Napoleon. He often tells us how the Prussians

beat Napoleon near the ale-house, and that he himself was with Blucher at the head of the army."

"What verses does he sing at other hours?" I asked.

"At eleven o'clock and twelve he sings the following," was the reply:—

"My masters, let me the true hour tell,  
*Eleven* is struck upon the bell:  
The Eternal in heaven now calls you to pray;  
Bethink thee, O man, of the judgment day."

"Masters, let me you the true hour tell,  
The clock has struck *Twelve* upon the bell:  
If among *twelve* of you one is unsound,  
May I among the *eleven* be found."

Our family feast was at length concluded, but all enjoyment of it from that hour was denied me. At every turn the image of the man "marked of God" seemed to stand before me. "No, no," I said to myself, "the heaping of gold shall never be my sole pursuit and trust, and my heart shall not depend on Mammon for its happiness."

My father now informed me that the villagers were unwilling, at first, to choose him for their watchman; but, on his earnest entreaty to be appointed to the post, he was taken on four weeks' trial. His creditors, who were much embittered against him at his insolvency, offered no opposition; every one pitied him, and he obtained the appointment. "All must allow," my father said, "that he is more fitted for it than any one that ever filled the office. At times, indeed, when he begins to speak of his former life, we hold our tongues, or else he would become quite wild.

Every year the community had to erect a fold for the young cattle in the midst of the forest land. It was necessary, for this purpose, to dig a trench and a foundation for the building. While the diggers were thus engaged they discovered a human skeleton, which again raised the excitement of the people to the highest pitch. The inquest brought to light that the body was almost unclothed when buried, and from the injuries inflicted on the bones it was clear that the deceased had suffered a violent death: also that it was the remains of a full-grown man. But as no person had been missed from the neighbourhood for the last ten years—for it was calculated that so long had the body been buried—no conjecture could be formed whose the remains were, or whence they came. The general opinion was, that it was some robber who had fallen in attacking a chance traveller; or, perhaps, Reaper Jack, who was known once before to have visited the village in the night, by the traces of his footsteps and the barking of the dogs. In the end, the conclusion was come to that it was Reaper Jack himself.

Few seemed to question the truth of this opinion; but, with the greatest obstinacy, Peter Nissen contended against its probability. Besides this, the discovery of the remains made on him the most remarkable impression, while he disputed, without any occasion, with such fierceness, that he seemed almost to lose his wits. It was now quite clear that his once fine faculties were overthrown; he was quietly reasoned with; but none could listen to him without awe, when he talked wildly of the past, mingling his speech with the

terrors of the future. Utterly incapable of all labour, he was reduced at length to go from door to door. He never asked for anything; but what was offered to him he took silently, and went his way. The young people shunned him, and those who were older could scarcely look on him without tears.

In about a year afterwards he was taken ill; and as his wife had been unable to leave her bed on account of the oppression of hopeless despondency, some compassionate people took care that he should be watched and attended. At night, however, no one could be found to stay with him; for his raging and restlessness were too fearful to witness. At last he wished a clergyman should be sent for. A new pastor had not long been placed, and he, alas! had but little experience in visiting the sick; for, with all his pulpit talents, he was totally unacquainted with the wants, the terrors, and the requirements of a heart bowed to the dust with grief and sin. Scarcely had he seen Peter a moment when he became aware of his own utter incapacity to meet the case before him. Peter lay moaning in bed.

"Reverend sir, are you alone?" said he.

The nearest neighbour who accompanied the minister immediately left the room.

"I am alone now," was the reply. "What do you wish from me?"

"Then listen carefully," answered Peter. "Can a man who is conscious of bloodguiltiness, of a double perjury, and who was an incendiary—can such a one be saved?" The clergyman could not collect his thoughts sufficiently to give an opinion on the subject of such a dreadful self-accusation. The cold sweat started out on his brow, and he remained panic-struck and silent. "Yes, yes," continued the afflicted man; "I might have known it, and can answer for it; there is no hope for me. O, reverend sir! reverend sir!" he added, "can you lay the phantoms of a guilty conscience that are gathering round my bed? Oh! have pity on me, and help me!" shouted the unhappy man; and, springing out of bed, he seized the clergyman by the arm, and tried to hide himself behind him. "Oh, help me! help me!" he cried.

The people of the house rushed into the room when they heard the cries, and soon delivered the clergyman from Peter's embrace, conveying the latter again to bed. The former quickly sought his horse and made off with all the speed he could. No one, however, could be persuaded to stay with Peter, his groanings were so frightful. In about half an hour all was quiet. Several then ventured in, while the women stood weeping without. Peter was found lying with half his body out of bed, and was—dead.

At his burial, an aged peasant said: "A warning from heaven has been given us, my friends; may we all profit by it. In this man's life we have seen how 'the wicked eat of the fruit of their own way, and are filled with their own devices.'"

THERE is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.

The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but he blesteth the habitation of the just.

### THE HUMAN RACE—GIANTS.

Or the many things that excite our wonder, there is perhaps nothing which is more marvellous than the varieties of mankind. Assuming, as we are warranted in doing by the word of God and the researches of the best ethnologists, that the human species is one, it is easy to divide it, as some have done according to colour, into black, white, copper colour and tawny; or, with Blumenbach and Pritchard, into the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, Malay, and North American Indians, and call these the great varieties of the species; but these, or any other divisions, give but a faint idea of the diversity of mankind in a world of ten hundred million people, where no two faces are alike, where no two bodies have been cast in the same mould, and no two souls develop the same faculties in the same proportion.

It is not, however, the ordinary so much as the extraordinary, that has hitherto attracted the attention of mankind; and hence all early writers have filled their books with stories of monsters and prodigies of various kinds, and amongst them with accounts of giants and pigmies of the most extraordinary description. It would almost appear as if there were a natural tendency of mankind to romance in a certain state of their intellectual development, and hence all early travellers see wonders which are robbed of their proportions by those who come after them. Those who first visited America saw many things which have greatly diminished in later times. As an instance of this, Garcilasso de la Vega, in his history of Peru, says that a company of giants came there in a boat, so tall that the natives could only reach their knees; that their eyes were as broad as the bottom of a plate, and their limbs proportionably large: and another writer tells us that he measured several corpses, and found them from fourteen to fifteen feet high. These, however, are only trifles compared with the relations of more ancient writers, such as Homer, Pliny, and others. Here is a specimen from one of the authors of the Targums, Jonathan ben Uzziel—a specimen which may also teach us how much, by their vain traditions and commentaries, the Jewish rabbis have obscured divine truth.

"Og having observed that the camp of the Israelites extended six miles, he went and tore up a mountain six miles at its base, and put it on his head and carried it towards the camp, that he might throw it on the camp and destroy them; but the word of the Lord prepared a worm, which bored a hole in the mountain over his head, so that it fell down upon his shoulders; at the same time his teeth grew out in all directions, so that he could not cast it off his head. Moses, who was himself ten cubits high, seeing Og thus entangled, took an axe ten cubits long, and having leaped ten cubits in height struck Og on the ancle-bone so that he fell and was slain."\* According to this, Og's ancle must have been forty-five feet high; but even this account is surpassed by some others, for in other places of the Targum he is said to have been several miles in height.

Comparative anatomy has enabled us to dispose

\* See Targum on Num. xxi. 35, 36.



very summarily of one set of stories in reference to giants, or what has been termed GIANTS' BONES. Our own historians inform us that, in 1171, the bones of a giant were found in England fifty feet long. The Italian writers, however, have given accounts of still more remarkable skeletons; and if the relics which they describe had belonged to men, Homer's Cyclops would be no fable. An early father also mentions a giant's tooth, preserved in a certain church, which was several pounds weight, and conjectures very truly that it must have been an enormous mouth that held a full set of them. Science has enabled us to appropriate those bones to their rightful owners, and assign them to the mastodon and other extinct animals instead of man. Sir Hans Sloane had the vertebra of a whale, which was dug up in Lincolnshire, sent to him as a portion of a giant's back-bone; but, perceiving it to have been the property of a monster of the deep, the wonder ceased. Thus we have no direct evidence of the existence of that race of stout old gentlemen whom Jack slew, except it be the testimony of those veritable witnesses—the compilers of our early history.

Although we may doubt the fabulous dimensions given by the Jewish rabbis and others, still it is impossible to doubt the fact that giants have existed in almost every country. It is, however, plain, from the notices which historians have given of them, that they were always rarities, and that we have no reliable accounts of a RACE of giants ever having existed. Indeed, there are many reasons for believing that the size of the human race, taken in its totality, rather increases than diminishes, and that the relations of historians, of gigantic nations of men, have originated in the first impressions of small men when brought into the presence of those of superior stature. An instance of this has just occurred. Our Guards have gone to Turkey and astonished the people there by their great size, so that the Turk believes the English ghouls to be the Anakims. When the Bashi-Bouzk returns to his native home he will, no doubt, tell his wondering friends that the English are a race of giants, and, having added a foot to them, will greatly astonish the simple rustics. His descendants will add a yard more, so that some future traveller in the mountains of Armenia, unless in the meantime our missionaries there do their enlightening work, will no doubt hear his countrymen described as giants. Numerous cases of this sort of exaggeration are on record, and many strange scraps of history are explained by it.

Giants, as we before remarked, are common to all nations, ancient and modern; but it is probable that there never was a man more than ten feet high. Goliath of Gath was nine feet high, and so also was one of the Roman emperors. A skeleton was dug up at a place near St. Albans, near an urn marked Marcus Antoninus, eight feet high. Dr. Adam Clarke measured a man in Ireland who was eight feet six inches, and we recollect seeing a thigh-bone, which was taken out of a stone coffin found in Devonshire, which indicated a man of eight feet nine inches. There are indeed, we believe, men now living who are about the same height. From nine to ten feet, therefore, is the extreme which we can

credit as the tallest man's attainments; and although there are, in profane history, a few seemingly authentic instances of men exceeding this stature, our knowledge of the race leads us rather to doubt the measure than believe in the man.

Taking this height, however, as the extreme, there is still a great diversity in the species; for the giant is set off at the other extremity by the dwarf, who is so far below the common standard as to be equally a wonder. The smallest man, perhaps, that ever lived was two feet high; and rising from this we have every conceivable measure up to the giant. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was very fond of a dwarf named Sonopas, who, according to the Roman historian, was two feet and a handbreadth high. In the Philosophical Transactions two cases are mentioned—one a native of Norfolk, who never weighed more than 34lbs. in his life; and of another still more remarkable case in Wales, who, at the age of fifteen, weighed only 13lbs., was two feet seven inches high, and was characterised by all the symptoms of an old man at that age. General Tom Thumb, who created such a sensation here a few years since, was one of the most perfect specimens of dwarfs that we know of; but it is highly improbable that a race so diminutive ever existed. The Esquimaux, near the pole, and the Bushmen—the gipsies, as they have been called, of the interior of Africa—are the smallest races of men that we are acquainted with, their height seldom exceeding four feet five inches; and from those to the Patagonians we have all the intermediate varieties.

So much has been said about the Patagonians, that the judgment of one who lived amongst them for a time in close captivity may be acceptable. It does not follow, however, that his, or any other description, applies to the whole of the Patagonians, as the author may have seen only a particular tribe; and this suggestion will, perhaps, explain many discrepancies in the works of those who have written about them. Captain Bourne\* says: "In person they are large; on first sight they appear absolutely gigantic. They are taller than any other race I have seen, though it is impossible to give any accurate description. The only standard of measurement I had was my own height, which is about five feet ten inches. I could stand very easily under the arms of many of them, and all the men were at least a head taller than myself; their average height I should think is nearly six and a half feet, and there were specimens that could have been little less than seven feet high. They have broad shoulders, full and well developed chests, frames muscular and finely proportioned; the whole figure and air making an impression like that which the first view of the sons of Anak is recorded to have produced on the children of Israel. They exhibit enormous strength whenever they are sufficiently aroused to shake off their constitutional laziness and exert it. They have large heads, high cheek-bones like the North American Indians, whom they also resemble in their complexion, though it is a shade or two darker. Their foreheads are broad but low, the hair covering them nearly to the eyes; eyes full, generally black or of a dark brown, and brilliant,

\* See "Giants of Patagonia," p. 29.

though expressive of but little intelligence; thick, coarse, and stiff hair protects the head—its abundance making any artificial covering superfluous. It is worn long, generally divided at the neck, so as to hang in two folds over the shoulders and back, but is sometimes bound above the temples by a fillet, over which it flows in ample luxuriance. Like more civilised people, the Patagonians take great pride in the proper disposition and effective display of their hair. Their teeth are generally beautiful, sound, and white—about the only attractive and civilised feature of their persons. Feet and hands are large, but not disproportionate to their total bulk. . . . . The women are proportionably smaller than the men, and rather inclined to *embonpoint*."

Such are the giants of the old Spanish historians as seen by modern navigators. There are, however, other proofs of the enormous stature of the race, which at once set the question at rest; such as the bodies which have been disinterred, and the armour which has been worn by people in various ages and countries. We have bodies, principally mummies, from Egypt, which are at least three thousand years old. Since the time when these people lived, not only scores of generations, but whole races of men have been born, lived, and died; and still the mummies, as they lie before us, are, we believe, in no case larger than the same class of people which they represent amongst us at the present day. The same observation applies also to the armour which has been dug out of tumuli and ancient graves. Poets and historians have represented their heroes as men of enormous size and strength. Homer speaks of the men who fought at Troy as hurling stones at each other, that twenty men of these degenerate days could scarcely lift; but when we examine the armour of those redoubtable warriors, we are convinced that it could hardly be worn by our Life Guards. This is found to be the case with the armour of the knights who won such renown by their prowess in the crusades and tournaments of England. They were very terrible, no doubt, to the monks and unarmed peasantry, but even in point of physical strength were in no way superior to the present generation of Englishmen.

Upon the whole, then, we conclude that giants have always been rarities, that there never was a *race* of giants, and that the common stature of mankind has remained much the same ever since the flood—the Patagonians being as large, and the Esquimaux and the Bushmen as small, as any *races* of men that ever lived.

#### THE OLD CITY OF TREVES, AND THE WAY TO IT.

THE Moselle is a copy of the Rhine. Not indeed in the flow of its waters, which is far less deep and majestic than the great absorbing flood into which it pours its stream, but in the scenery which covers and crowns its banks—in the shores of pebble rock, green sward, and rushes, with which in succession the gentle current is hemmed in and lined—in the hills, sloping or abrupt, which ever and anon are seen bordering the view on either side—in the numerous villages and little

towns which lie nestling among trees, or which stand out boldly close to the river's edge—in the quaint old architecture of the buildings, the Romanesque style of the churches, the ruins of feudal fortresses on the frowning height, and the orchards, the fields, and especially the vineyards, which give an aspect of richness and fertility to the whole. Pleasant is it to go up from Coblenz to the old city of Treves—a two days' excursion, according to the present arrangement of the steam-boats; and, after having gazed for hours on the slowly moving panorama of mountains in an amazing diversity of shapes and positions, with corresponding varieties of detail in the objects which stud and enliven them, very pleasant is it to land at Alf, and climb up the woody hill, and stand on the top, where you find that the river winds so abruptly as to form the shore into a slender promontory or tongue of land, from the ridgy back of which the traveller sees the sparkling water on each side, reminding him of the scenery at Symons Yat on the beautiful Wye. Trarbach, or Traben, on the opposite bank, is the usual halting-place for the night—rude and primitive enough, but withal sufficient to content a weary tourist, in search, not of the luxurious, but of the picturesque and romantic. There he sees, recorded on the walls of the little hostelry, the height of floods which have at different periods devastated the region—one in 1850 reaching the second story of the house, one in 1784 nearly to the third. The second day's voyage carries one past a long succession of landscape, inferior, perhaps, on the whole, to the foregoing, but still almost all very beautiful, some indeed very grand, till in approaching Treves, the bright green vines, on the red sandstone rocks, produce a very singular and refreshing effect. We have lately traversed this delightful region on our way to the famous city—feeling, however, as we always do in gliding along rivers, that the best way to appreciate and enjoy them is often to land, sometimes long to loiter, and always leisurely to ramble among the nooks and corners, the woods and dells, the villages and cottages, that appeal so temptingly to the eye of the tasteful and nature-loving pilgrim.

Everybody has heard of the Holy Coat at Treves, which was exhibited in 1844, for eight weeks, to more than a million people, far and near, who came to see the boasted relic. They pretend that it is the garment without seam worn by our Lord at the time of his crucifixion, and that it was given to the church by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. Nobody is able to trace even such an assumed relic further back than 1157; and, since then, it is acknowledged that the coat has twice disappeared for a very long period. But, of course, the want of evidence as to the genuineness of such things is no stumbling-block to the faith of those whose creed is to believe whatever their church tells them, and who seem to think that the more monstrous the story the more meritorious the assent to it.

During the period of pilgrimage just referred to, the relic was placed on the high altar of the cathedral, encased in a frame of glass and surrounded by brilliant lights. The people came in processions of hundreds and thousands. "The lame, the blind, and the sick," says a contempo-

rary account, "are not few in their ranks, and it is observable that the majority are women. They are continually arriving, pouring in at the several gates of the city, in an almost continued stream, accompanied by priests, banners, and crosses, and alternate singing and praying. They are many of them heavily laden, their packs on their backs, their bright brass pans, pitchers, and tea kettles, of all shapes, in their hands, or slung on their arms, while their fingers are busily employed on their beads. Way-worn and foot-sore, fatigued and heavy, they yet pursue their toilsome march, intent upon the attainment of the one object of their pilgrimage." Treves was turned into a fair or an encampment, presenting a revival of the wildest scenes of fanatical excitement that was ever witnessed at Cologne in the middle ages, when the shrine of the three kings was in all its glory. "On all sides," the account goes on to say, "mixed up with marketable commodities of all colours, booths, and benches, and tables for the sale of rosaries, trinkets, and pictures of the holy robe, lie on straw, which is strewn for the purpose, the various groups of pilgrims in all the different costumes of their several countries. Some are still praying, always aloud; some spreading the frugal meal, or boiling their kettles of brass, or quietly sleeping away the fatigues of many a mile. On one hand you still hear the sacred chant, or the simple hymn; on the other, the more boisterous song of mirth, for the beer glass and the flask are not wanting to fill up the measure of variety." It is only at intervals the coat is exhibited. Thirty-four years had elapsed between the last display and that which preceded it. If there be such healing virtue in the relic as we have heard, simple folks may wonder why it is so rarely shown; but there are principles of policy, which it does not require very shrewd folks to discover, that may reasonably account for the alternate hiding and revealing of the wonder. Of course, we saw nothing of the Holy Coat; but we saw a great deal that deeply interested us.

The city in some parts is very picturesque. The houses near the *Porta Nigra*, or black gate, are specially so. The over-hanging stories, the gables with a kind of retreating forehead, the dormer windows and little crosses on the summit of the roofs, the irregular fronts, and the enormous griffin-looking monsters that sprawl out at the corners—these are elements of a picture, very quaint and odd, heightened somewhat by the rude old pillar cross in the middle, with a group of market dancers around it.

The cathedral takes one back to mediæval times, and, as we shall presently see, further still. The present building is of the Romanesque style—heavy, massive, grand. It dates from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and in its round arches and enormous monolithic columns, presents some fine examples of the Lombardic modifications of the latest Roman. The two choirs, east and west, with elevated floors reached by flights of steps, are very remarkable; and the sculpture of the pulpit, illustrating the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, is likely to arrest the attention of the curious. The church has a crypt beneath, and a building attached to it with a conical roof, in which the Holy Coat is kept. The whole edifice

strikes one with the grandeur of its proportions, and especially as seen towards eventide, when the shadows fall solemnly over nave and aisles, fills the mind with awe; but for elegance and beauty you must visit the adjoining lady church, called the *Liebfrauenkirche*. This is in the early pointed style of the thirteenth century, and has been said to be the work of some English architect. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with aisles and chapels round, and a choir at the east terminating in an apse of five sides. It has a central lantern, borne up by twelve majestic columns, named after the apostles, each having engraved on it a portion of the creed. St. Peter begins with, "I believe in God the Father Almighty," etc., and Matthias, who takes the place of Judas, ends with the confession of "life everlasting;" the whole forming a curious example of mediæval symbolism, as well as of architectural effect, the latter of which can be fully appreciated only as seen from one particular spot, which the guide very carefully points out. The church has some fine monuments—a mummified human body preserved in a glass case, and other noticeable things, of which a picture of St. Sebastian, by Guido Reni, is a truly valuable specimen of Italian art. We passed out at the east end into a very fine cloister with double aisles, and groined roof with bosses, the outer side of the walls being filled in with glazed windows. Nor should we omit to notice, amongst the beautiful features of this building, the portal at the west end, which exhibits a rich mass of sculptured ornament.

The cathedral, as a relic of mediæval Treves, carries back our thoughts to the palmy days of the electorate, when the archbishop of the city ranked as a prince elector of Germany, taking part in the choice of emperor and in all the great affairs of the empire, as well as ruling over his own principality; and perhaps the traveller will think of some of the stirring scenes which occurred here in those old times, when, from Treves standing on the borders of Germany, princes of other states came there to meet the emperor. The famous meeting between Charles the Bold of Burgundy and the imperial Maximilian may occur to his recollection, as he thinks of what has passed in the neighbourhood of the church and in the halls of the electoral palace. The pomp and circumstance of that interview may come before him when the rash and wayward prince was in treaty for the marriage of his daughter, the celebrated Mary of Burgundy, with the occupant of the imperial throne. The former sticking for the title of king as the condition of the marriage, and the latter refusing to concede that point till he had gained his bride, they quarrelled together and separated without accomplishing their purpose, much to the mortification of the lady, who loved Maximilian, and who, after her father's death, did marry him.

Thinking of the Lombardic style of the cathedral architecture, one's thoughts ramble back further still, even to the days of Lothaire, the son of Louis le Debonnaire, who, in the division of his father's empire, received as his portion a territory stretching from Treves along the Rhine, over the Alps, into Lombardy—the preponderance of Roman elements throughout this chain of countries forming its links of union, of which the manifest



SCENE IN TREVES, DURING THE EXHIBITION OF THE HOLY COAT.

signs still remain in the Romanesque architecture, which may be traced from one end of the region to the other.

We have said that the cathedral at Treves takes us back to times earlier than the mediæval. A genuine Roman bath, converted into a font, remains in the building. Three columns of great height, evidently belonging to the Roman age, must arrest the attention of every one who walks along the nave. The fragments of a fourth lie outside. There are Roman bricks in the western apse and the side walls. In the ninth century, we learn, from authentic records, that it was adorned with Roman mosaics, the gift of the empress Helena, to whom the erection of the original church on this site has been commonly ascribed. She is said to have consecrated to the service of Christianity a Roman basilica, or court of justice,

previously existing on this spot—a kind of structure which, we have every reason to believe, formed the model of the earliest Roman churches. But the Roman remains and memorials in this interesting edifice are scanty compared with the relics of the Latin empire, which, above all cities in the north of Europe, distinguish and enrich the city of Treves.

The palace of the bishop-electors is not far from the cathedral; and attached to this building, now converted into barracks, is an immense fragment of some Roman structure, consisting of a long hall, divided by plain pilasters and a sort of round apse at the further end. The latter goes by the name of the heathen tower, and the whole portion of brickwork has been designated the palace of Constantine. The manufacture of the bricks and the construction of the pile are unmistakeably Roman;



but different opinions have been entertained as to the original design of the building. The idea of its having been a palatial residence is successfully combated by Wyttenbach, the best antiquarian writer on Treves, who is "strongly inclined to believe that these remains constitute the ruins of a vast theatre, devoted either to scenic representations or other public amusements." The dimensions of the windows or open arches, on every side, and the peculiar coping of the walls, as if not constructed to sustain a roof, favour the supposition of the learned archaeologist. This huge relic of brick and mortar is now being built up into a distinct edifice, which is to serve for a Lutheran church. It will certainly have nothing beautiful in its exterior to recommend it, for it looks more like one of our large manufactories in the north than anything else. The restoration it has undergone obliterates its more obvious signs of antiquity, though, on close inspection, its Roman character is very clear.

From this part of Treves to what are called the Roman baths is a short distance, and one can imagine, in crossing the great open square which separates them from each other, how crowds of Roman people, in the days of the empire, passed to and fro between these places of entertainment. The buildings, which are spacious, and which, as now seen, consist of limestone and brick walls, arches, towers, and other crumbling remains, have been devoted to different purposes since the masters of the world left the place. We are told there was a church here in the middle ages; and, until within a recent period, the ruins were incorporated into the fortifications of the town, and an archway in an outer wall served for an entrance gate to Treves. The original purpose of these buildings has become a matter of doubt. At a meeting of the French Society for Preserving Historical Monuments, held at Treves in 1846, it was contended by some that these remains were part of an imperial palace; but that opinion was warmly contested on the spot, and we think the old tradition of their being baths is the best supported. There are still constructions which look as if they had been cisterns for bathing and swimming. Hypocausts are visible, which, when uncovered some time ago, were in such a state of preservation that it seemed as if very little reparation would be required to adapt them to present use. "Roman baths were places of resort, not only for bathing, but for general amusement, and were accordingly furnished with saloons and halls and shady walks, with libraries and convenience for playing games, and even with such apparatus as are requisite for theatrical exhibitions. Consequently, this now silent spot, where grass and moss and wild flowers cover the work of the architect, suggests pictures of life, activity, and merriment; and it requires no great power in the imaginative faculty to raise these ruins into their pristine classic splendour, to restore Corinthian capitals and mosaic pavements, seats of marble, and manifold luxuries of the later Roman civilisation; to spread forth piles of MSS.; to gather round an author a group of listless auditors, whom he has invited to hear his last poem; to arrange larger crowds about the dancers and wrestlers; to place in some outer court a band of youngsters,

full of Roman blood, trying their strength at disc and ball; and, finally, to conjure up gay citizens and soldiers, flocking to witness some Latin play. Such fancies, in such a place, "come like visions, so depart," and leave behind them solemn thoughts that may be made salutary. It is pleasant afterwards to climb up into the Roman tower, at one angle of the ruins, with the original staircase still preserved, and to gaze on the broad open landscape encircling it, here studded with human habitations, there covered with nature's beauty; and then it is in keeping with the spot to muse on the words of the wisest of men: "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for ever."

It is a pleasant country walk, for about a quarter of a mile in an easterly direction, from the baths to the amphitheatre. The latter remains, like the former, are in a much better state than they were before the late king of Prussia expended large sums of money in clearing away the rubbish which had accumulated around them. Earth, to the depth of twenty feet, was removed from the surface of the amphitheatre, and the form and arrangement of this favourite place of resort for the people of Roman Treves are now well exhibited. It is of an oval shape—a sort of long basin with two main entrances, south and north. The pavement of the arena is formed by the solid rock, which extends over the neighbourhood; and the sides are cut out of the low hill, or composed of earthworks thrown up from the excavations. Owing to this circumstance, there never could have been here as much masonry as in Roman amphitheatres in other situations—Verona and Rome, for instance. The faces of the hill, however, were covered with tiers of stone seats. A parapet of marble probably ran round the arena; and, encircling the outer circumference of the amphitheatre at the top, and built upon the earth mounds, which were the grand substructions of the edifice, there were most likely walls of some kind, having columns of classic architecture; but all these handiworks of the Roman colonists on the Moselle have long since disappeared, except some fragments, from which Wyttenbach judges that the building was "composed of cubic blocks of stone, of secondary limestone of a late formation, alternating with masses of brickwork of the same form—an arrangement which has an agreeable appearance, even in its present ruined condition." The principal portions of the old masonry of the amphitheatre remaining in their original position are in the arches of the two vaulted passages—probably private entrances for persons of distinction—which led into the arena from the side next the city. There are, indeed, remains of towers on the outside of the main entrances, but perhaps they were originally unconnected with the building, and were "part of the fortifications erected by the Roman Treviri against the Vandals in the beginning of the fifth century." Seven doorways, still existing, seem to have been intended as entrances for the gladiators and wild beasts, and there are also a few of the old stone seats to be seen on the slopes of this very interesting place.

The amphitheatre was small compared with those above alluded to, being only 219 feet long and 155 broad, and incapable of accommodating

more than 6000 spectators, whereas that at Verona held 22,000, and the Roman coliseum the prodigious number of 87,000. About the date of the building at Treves no certain information has been obtained; a votive cippus, dedicated to Jupiter and Juno for the health of the emperor Trajan, found on the spot some years ago, would seem to indicate the existence of the amphitheatre under that emperor's reign. It is very affecting to walk, as we did in the evening, around these remains, and to think of the boisterous and savage excitement, so illustrative of the debased moral civilisation of the Romans, which was often felt and witnessed on the seats which once covered these now quiet hills. The spot is connected with Constantine, who here exposed to the wild beasts some of his enemies whom he had taken in battle. The first of these cruel scenes was when he caused two Frankish princes to be torn in pieces here; another occurred seven years afterwards, when the like fate befel the Bructerians whom he had captured, on which occasion, we are told by a contemporary historian, the very beasts desisted from the work of slaughter through satiety and fatigue. More of these unfortunate wretches were compelled to turn their arms against each other in gladiatorial combats; and we further read, in one of the eulogies on Constantine, that many, finding death inevitable, had recourse to self-destruction, not only to hasten their end, but that, in shortening their own sufferings, they might shorten also the pleasure which the sight of their protracted pain gave their savage enemies. Another historical association, of a somewhat different kind, is connected with the amphitheatre at Treves. Here, in 406, during one of the invasions of the empire by Crocus, prince of the Vandals, when his army had crossed the Rhine at Mayence, and were on their way from the city of Metz to this centre of Roman power on the Moselle, the inhabitants of Treves gathered together to make a vigorous resistance, shutting themselves up within the walls, and fortifying the spot, and that with such success as to compel the invaders to retire.

It is now time to make our way to what is by far the finest of the Roman remains in Treves. After a walk of about ten minutes we reach the famous Porta Nigra, or black gate, on the north side of the city. It is in a state of preservation to rejoice the heart of an antiquary,—no shattered fragment, with here a crumbling arch, and there a broken column, and yonder traces of a wall, leaving a large space on which the imagination must be a little industrious to build up the whole into order and form. The Roman gate at Treves stands almost entire, as it was when the legions tramped in and out under the great archways. There it is, of darkish sand-stone, with a tower quite perfect on the right hand, looking at it from the country. There are the four stories in the tower, with arches and Tuscan columns on each story. The tower on the left hand is less complete, being deprived of the upper part; but two stories there are entire, as well as along the face of the building over the two large entrances. Some of the blocks are of the most huge dimensions, and in the pillars supporting the gates may be still seen channels or grooves, in which, probably, some sort of portcullis might once be used. The edges

of the stones have been a good deal broken, giving them a sort of diamond-shaped look—the result, it is said, of barbarian attempts, by boring, to get at the metal clamps by which they fancied the masonry was riveted together. There are also marks graven on some of the stones, such as may be met with on tombs of the fourth century. Such a building as this, of course, has given rise to all sorts of archaeological speculations. Some have maintained that it is not Roman at all, but the work of the Franks in the middle ages—a theory which seems to us, from the manifest classical appearance of the structure, totally inadmissible. Some, going to the other extreme, claim for it an antiquity prior to the Romans, in the extravagant spirit of the inscription on the wall of the Rothen Haus: “Ante Romam Treviris stetit annis mccc.” It is most likely a work of the fourth century, to which period not only the architecture and marks on the stones would appear to point, but coins also, struck at Treves, and found in and about the city, bearing on the one side the head of Constantine, and on the reverse a gate with two towers like the gate before us. Since the Roman times, however, the gate has been applied to ecclesiastical uses. It was converted into a church in the eleventh century, and dedicated to a saint named Simeon—an anchorite from Syracuse, who, returning from the Holy Land, chose, as a matter of most mistaken merit, to live on the top of the gateway, after the manner of another of the same name, Simeon Stylites.

Augustine, in his Confessions, mentions Treves; and among the associations of war, politics, and ancient civilisation, which cluster round the city, it is interesting to remember the record connected with it which that famous father of the Latin church has given. He describes two courtiers, who, when the emperor was taken up with the Circensian games, went out to walk in some suburban gardens, and lighted on a cottage, inhabited, as he says, by certain poor in spirit, of whom is the kingdom of heaven. There they met with the life of Antony, and one of them said to the other: “Tell me, I pray, what shall we gain by our labours? What do we aim at? Can we hope more than to be favourites of the emperor? In this, what is there not unsatisfactory and full of peril? And when shall we attain it? But to be friend of God, if I wish that, I may be it at once.” They both broke loose, Augustine says, from their earthly hopes, and resolved to serve God, and, instead of returning to the imperial palace, remained in the humble cottage. Their religious feeling was strongly dashed with ascetic superstition, as was the case with the piety of Augustine himself and his great master Ambrose; but the little incident will surely be interesting to any of a Christian mind, whether rambling about the remains of old Treves, or reading of its antiquities and history.

We left the city for Aix-la-Chapelle, crossing the bridge which spans the Moselle. The lower portions of the piers are Roman—the foundations, in fact, of the old structure, which, probably, in the days of Agrippa, was built over the river. Much of the original erection remained till the year 1689, when it was blown up by the French army. Leaving the city by this route, our last

thoughts were carried back to the earliest period of its history, and much did we long to renew our visit and to investigate at greater leisure the rich relics of the place, as the diligence went slowly winding up the hills on the other side of the river, commanding a beautiful prospect, lit up by a full-orbed moon, till a turn in the road shut up the view, and we were buried in gloom under the shadow of thick trees.

### PROTRACTED LABOUR.

#### III.—THE REMEDY.

WHEN a man or a multitude has committed a mischievous blunder, the best and wisest thing to be done is to set about repairing it: when a heedless traveller strays into a bog, the more he persists the deeper he plunges until he return upon his track. Such a blunder and such a bog is the excessive labour system; and there is no way of getting out of its toils and avoiding its fatal consequences but by retracing our steps. We must revert to the old plan, and tread again the old paths—must acknowledge the human rights of our servants and dependants, must restore the sacred privileges of which we or our fathers have deprived them, and convert the breathing machines of the counter and the workshop again into men and women living reasonable lives, with leisure for the play of human sympathies and the culture of immortal hopes. Either we must do this, or we must plunge deeper into the guilt of the evil whose pernicious effects we have already reviewed. The remedy, to be efficient and lasting, must be radical and complete; and it will be neither without the hearty co-operation of the employers on the one hand, and their patrons, the public, on the other. To the master or employer, be it remembered, the public approbation is of inestimable importance; by it he stands or falls, and without it he has no commercial existence, not even for a day. In the most literal sense, therefore, the Protracted Labour question is a public question; it lies in the hands of the public as completely as the kernel in the shell; and the master, be he willing or unwilling to manumit his toiling dependants, waits but the fiat of the public to determine his own. It is to catch the public customer that the shopkeeper opens his doors at all hours of the night; and it is to gratify the public patron that the manufacturer keeps his "hands" at their labour all the night through. The public has but to utter its veto, and act upon its utterance, and the question is settled. Let the public discountenance late shopping—discourage the employer of late labour—set their faces entirely against late paymasters, who created and maintain the impious Sunday market—and all the evils of which we now complain are at an end.

But the public is composed of individuals, and we have unfortunately to regret, that while, as advocates of early closing, the public award us their sanction, the individuals are less careful in adding their practical co-operation. On looking a little closely into facts, we find that some who wish us success do most provokingly hinder our course, through not perceiving or recollecting how they might assist us. Thus many, who do their own shopping in the day, allow, if they do not commis-

sion, their servants to go shopping at night; while another class, without knowing it, maintain a system of late shopping by giving orders to milliners and dressmakers in the evening, to be executed the next day, and which could not be executed were there no shops open at night for the sale of materials. It is to this sort of inadvertency that not only much of the late shopping, but of the late labour in the workshops of small traders, is owing. Ladies in want of new dresses should be content to wait a moderate time for them; the same advice will apply to gentlemen, and to all who have orders of any kind to be executed—from the shopman himself, ambitious to appear in the gloss of a new suit, who must not drive his brother the tailor, up to the government and the legislature, who must learn to control the execution of their emergency work, so as to prevent the tyranny exercised by the blue-book over unfortunate printers.

We remarked, in a former paper, that nothing is gained by the system of protracted labour; that is, that neither master nor man is a penny the richer, in the long-run, by adherence to that system. This looks like a bold assertion, and appears to need proof; but we did not make it unadvisedly. We have watched the effect of excessive toil in the workshop, continued from month to month under the constant spur of demand; and have been forced to the conclusion, that though the workman earns a large increase of wages at some seasons, the gain did not more than compensate for the loss of health and energy at others—for increase of expense by taking his meals away from home, for the cost of extra stimulants, and (more than all the rest) for the days or weeks of enforced idleness, which invariably follows a season of excessive toil. In most manual trades the older hands would confirm this assertion, to which the younger, confident in the strength of their youth, might perhaps demur; but, taking the average of the workman's life, it is perfectly true. With regard to the master, the gains which he makes by employing his hands during over-hours are as often as not counterbalanced by the loss ensuing from the increased expense of fires, gas, or candles—by the destruction of material inseparable from hurried labours—by the increased wages of overtime—and by the nonproductiveness of his plant during the pause which ensues when the rush of business is over. Such, at least, is the master's account, as we have heard it from his own lips. Thus much for our own experience. From what follows it will be seen that it is corroborated by that of the London shopkeepers, who, in establishing by their testimony the fact that they have lost nothing pecuniarily by closing their shops at an early hour, do virtually prove that the system of late shopkeeping is pecuniarily unprofitable. We quote the following testimony from some of the first tradesmen in the metropolis, who have adopted the practice of early closing, as illustrative of their experience and sentiments.

The first witness (the senior partner of an extensive establishment) declares that he had tried for some years the early-hour system, and had done so without loss. In fact it had been a gain to him, for he had saved twenty-five per cent. in gas; and he found, since he had adopted that system, his young men were more ready to serve him. He was convinced that an abridgment of the late-hour

system would be attended with the most beneficial results to young men. He well remembered, when suffering himself as a young man from that system, he had often wished that death would terminate his misery.

A second witness repudiates the idea that there is either profit or advantage from the late-hour system. He considers the benefits to be entirely on the other side, as *early closing could not fail to give rise to a superior class of men*; and what employers want in their young men is honesty and respectability of character.

A third, who is a chemist, sees no reason why his own business should not close early as well as others. He considers it of the first importance to the public that chemists should master their profession, which they cannot do under the late-hour system. He has for some time closed his shop entirely on Sundays, and sees no reason why it should not be closed early at night. If people want medicines they can ring the bell.

A fourth informs us that for five years he has closed his shop at an early hour; that, so far from his business decreasing, it had steadily increased, and he had found the greatest benefit from spending the evening hours with his family. In a pecuniary point of view the change is an advantage, the late-hour system being profitable only to the gas companies.

A fifth, having tried the early closing, affirms that in his case the results at the end of the year were just the same as when the hours were considerably later.

A sixth has been fourteen years in the oil and colour trade. The first ten were under the late-hour system, and the last four years he had closed at six in the evening, and during that time he had not lost a single customer; on the contrary, he had in the last four years considerably increased the amount of his business.

A seventh tells us that, after trying the early closing system for seven years, he had found little if any inconvenience from it, and had the delight of witnessing a great improvement in the general conduct of the young men in his establishment.

The above seven witnesses are all shopkeepers, it will be observed. We might, had we thought proper, have selected evidence telling still more strongly in favour of early closing, but we preferred giving such testimony as came to hand at random, in order to state the case fairly. We conceive that we have cited sufficient proof of the truth of our assertion, that the system of protracted labour is profitable, even in a pecuniary point of view, neither to master nor servant. In urging the masters and employers of every species of industry, therefore, to revert to the old system of moderate labour and moderate hours, we are recommending to them no hazardous or untried experiment; but, on the contrary, a measure well attested and approved, by which a grievous social blunder, fraught with the most cruel injustice, may be obviated, to their own especial advantage, the advantage of their dependants, and of society at large. There is reason for believing that the majority of employers need no very powerful arguments, beyond their own experience of business, to convince them of the impolicy of the late-hour system, and that they would willingly abate its

tyranny but for the opposition of rivals in trade, against whom they feel compelled to act in self-defence. To such we would say, Have faith in the rule of right; do justly from higher considerations than those of profit. Don't—as a worthy grocer whom we might have added to our list of witnesses, puts it—don't be peeping round the corner to see if your neighbour's shop is closed; but close your own at a proper time, and see how the experiment will work. And, while giving a word of advice to the employer, we may add another to our friends the public. You have as large a stake in the success of the reform to be effected in our system of labour as either employer or employed, for it is you who are the sufferers in pocket by the demoralization of commerce. It behoves you, therefore, to set your faces against a system which acts by morally debasing its agents and tools, and you can do this in no better way, in no more Christian spirit, than by dealing, as much as possible, with those who deal justly with their dependants.

We have stated the case, and must leave it now in the hands of the public: it remains only to direct attention briefly to the means which are in operation for mitigating the curse of protracted labour, and restoring to the labourer that leisure which, whether he use or abuse it, is but his just and lawful inheritance.

As far back as eighteen or twenty years ago, the excessive labour carried on in various departments of industry had excited the alarm of many benevolent persons, who watched the growing evil with a perfect consciousness of its pernicious effects. It was not, however, until 1842 that a society, under the name of the "Early Closing Association," was formed, with the view of arresting the progress of the evil and advocating the rights of the employed. The association had little money to expend, and was backed by no powerful influence beyond the broad principle of justice upon which it was based. It sought to accomplish its object in a quiet and peaceful way, by such use of the pulpit, the platform, and the press, as it could command—by the gentle pressure of conciliation, kindness, and persuasion—and by the moderation and reasonableness of its recommendations. That it should encounter opposition and rebuke from some, and be met by argument from others, was only to be expected; but, in spite of all difficulties, its progress, though slow and gradual, has been solid and substantial. Through its agency, the miseries of late employment have been done away in many large establishments and greatly mitigated in others, not only in London, but in all the commercial cities of the kingdom; many among the most respectable class of employers have listened to its appeal, and either commenced or carried out the desired reform. Of their testimony, with regard to the results of early closing upon their interests, we have given some extracts above, and we may add here, that those who it was assumed would be injured by it are now among its warmest and most liberal advocates. Contemporaneously with the partial spread of the early-closing system have arisen a number of valuable institutions for mental improvement, which, but for the existence of the Association, could themselves never have existed. It is a sufficient refutation of the arguments of those who contended that an increase of leisure would only lead to an



increase of dissipation, to quote the fact that in establishments where the early closing has been adopted, the majority of the young men have enrolled themselves as members of such institutions. The experiment, so far as it has been tried, fully justifies the expectation that opportunity for improvement will produce a better class of men for service; that it has done so to some extent already, we have the evidence of many employers to prove. Many thousands of the youth of both sexes are, however, still debarred from the benefit of these institutions; and it is only from the adoption of the early-closing system on the part of their employers that they can hope to profit by them.\*

Encouraged by the success of their past labours, the Early Closing Association seeks now to extend its influence and operations. It has already undertaken the cause of the chemist's assistants, who are confined from early morning to near midnight; and it contemplates extending its efforts and effecting its reform among all the departments of industrial occupation where the hours of employment are unduly protracted. The enterprise, thus extended in its object, is one of no trifling magnitude; but, at the same time, it is one of stupendous importance to the cause of intellectual progress, moral purity, and spiritual advancement; and it is on that account that we have felt it our duty to call the attention of our readers to the subject, and to claim their countenance, and, as far as possible, their co-operation, in its behalf. For further information, and a mass of interesting details in reference to what has been done, we must refer to the reports and other publications of the Association, which may be obtained of the Secretary, at the Society's Offices, 32, Ludgate Hill.

#### DOMESTIC LIFE IN PARIS.

THE morning has been cloudy and gusty and drizzling, with occasional variations of sharp spattering showers—the weather, in fact, has been the reverse of inviting; and therefore, instead of marching forth into the slimy streets, with their scanty *trottoirs*, to see the world abroad, we have been amusing ourselves during the forenoon by such a limited survey of the Parisian world at home, as we command from a rather equivocal position. Lodgings have been “looking up,” as the commercial phrase goes, in Paris, for some time; and, as a consequence, lodgers have been obliged to look up, and to go up too, higher by several flights of stairs than many of them had anticipated—we among the number. Hence it is that we find ourselves domiciled *au quatrième*; let us not be too proud to translate that; gentle reader, if thou be innocent of the Gallic vernacular, know that it signifies the fourth floor, not taking into account the *entresol*, which is a compressed suit of apartments lying flat as a baked biffin between two regular floors, like a slice of ham between the buttered sides of a sandwich. At

the fourth floor we are nearly on a level with the battlements, yet we occupy a middle-class position, notwithstanding, for the tall sloping roof that towers away upwards is pierced with windows supplying light to at least three stories above us. The house we inhabit is an old-fashioned hotel in a well-known street, but a few minutes walk from the Palais Royal. The entrance from the street is by a grand archway, big enough to admit a broad-wheeled wagon with all its load, and which in times gone by often did admit the equipage of some count or peer of the empire, with his retainers and followers. The huge folding-doors appear, however, at this moment, as though they had not been opened for a century, the ponderous bolts are rusted in the iron staples, and the massive locks are choked with accumulations of dust. All who enter now come through a side-door of the ordinary size, cut in the right-hand portion of the old gates; and no one can pass in or out but under the observation of old Ganai, the porter, whose lodge is just within, and to whom you must appeal by a bell, if he does not happen to be on the look-out through the little window, which, just at the level of your face, commands the street.

When Ganai has let you in—which he does by pulling a string that lifts the latch—and you have passed along through the archway, you find yourself in a paved court some five-and-twenty yards square, surrounded with walls and windows to the height of sixty feet or so, with a sloping, bulging, parabolic set of tiled roofs more than half as much higher. If you be a personage of some pretension, and assume a genteel and fashionable air, and are come to visit a tenant of the first-floor, or the *entresol*, Ganai will call a *garçon* or a waiting-maid, or he will go himself and escort you to their apartments; but if you be a plain man like ourselves, and should come to call upon such a nobody as the present writer, he will answer your inquiry stolidly, with the words, “*Au quatrième numero trente-cinq*,” and, pointing carelessly to a particular staircase, will, to use a popular phrase, leave you to follow your nose and find us out as you can.

For a Parisian hotel, be it understood—at least such a one as that which we have made our temporary home—is as complete a microcosm as an English town. Here, beneath a single roof, are congregated individuals and families of all classes—from the humble artisan to the fashionable aristocrat; and here it has happened, and will happen again, that on the same day is born into the world the heir to a substantial fortune and a luxurious life, and the heir to a destiny of the severest toil and deprivation. The hotel has accommodations for them all—in its spacious saloons—in its comfortable attics—in its lofty garrets and far-away nooks and crevices—accommodation proportioned to their means and suitable to their station. The several classes are as much secluded and separated from each other as though they were miles asunder; proximity begets no intimacy, and you may live in the same hotel with an old acquaintance, without knowing it, for months, unless by some chance rencontre on the stairs or in the galleries.

Here, then, we are in our fourth floor, to which we ascend by a stone staircase, worn into fearful chasms by the traffic of two or three hundred

\* Young men themselves, we may add, have it largely in their power to accelerate or retard this movement. Let them resolutely discountenance those places of sinful amusement which have been of late years opened up to waste the leisure conferred upon them; and by a wise employment of the moments redeemed from toil, let them put to silence the objections of those who are but too ready to find an excuse for opposing the progress of the early-closing movement.

years. The chamber, though nearer the sky by a fathom or two than we should like, is not to be despised. The little bed in which we have slept peacefully stands in a recess in the wall, and a red curtain drawn across the recess converts the sleeping-room into a decent parlour, whose furniture consists of a marble-topped bureau, a neat square table, half-a-dozen chairs, a couple of mirrors, a stove for a charcoal fire, a corner cupboard, and a few other trifles by way of ornaments. The flooring consists of a pavement of hexagonal tiles, and by way of carpet there are a couple of pieces of neat rush matting. The *garçon* has been induced for a consideration to fetch us a breakfast of coffee and eggs, and rolls without butter, and we have lingered over it longer than usual, in the hope that the rain, which drips and patters on the tiles in a fitful way, as though it meant to have done with it directly, would cease, and leave us free to walk forth. Still it does not cease, but spurts and drips and spatters on; and so we sit down at the window and commence a course of observations limited by the parallelogram below and around us.

We remark, first, that the basement floor, which is a foot or two below the level of the paved yard, appears to be devoted to domestic purposes, and to contain all the appliances of the rubbing, scrubbing, and cooking departments, and to be the peculiar locality of those who have to execute them. There are a dozen doors at least opening into the yard; some leading to larders, pantries, kitchens, or sculleries, and not a few to private staircases; but there are three staircases standing open to the yard, the grand flight being eight or nine feet wide, and debouching in the corner to the left of the porter's lodge. Beneath this wide flight, in a roomy sort of shed, sits a very dusty looking genius in a black blouse, who, it is plain enough, is "boots" to the whole establishment, and who sits scrubbing away the live-long day at such a museum of leather as would of itself afford us, had we time to study it, a key to the character of the whole population of the place. While we are conning this leathern alphabet, the head of an unmistakeable "Bull" emerges from a window opposite—then an arm, and a hand swaying a pair of ponderous "Wellingtons;" the head bawls, "Gawsong, deycrotty may bot," and down go the boots with a bang upon the stones below. "Gawsong" looks up from his work scowlingly, and seems inclined to leave the boots soaking in the rain; he is offended by Bull's want of politeness; but he walks out a minute after, and kicks the obnoxious leather into his shed to await its turn.

Up and down the grand staircase people are continually coming and going—though far the greater number going: some are genteel and well dressed; some are professional men going out to teach; some are public functionaries; and one or two are in military garb: while others, and these not a few, are workmen and workmen's wives and children. Madame Ganal, the porter's wife—who is twenty years at least younger than her liege lord, and a wiry, active woman—darts up and down the stairs and across the court, now into the scullery or the kitchen, and now into her own room. Anon she appears in bonnet and shawl, with basket and umbrella, and followed by the

shaggy unshorn poodle, and, loaded with commissions which Ganal has written down for her on paper, sallies forth into the street.

At a window on a level with that where we sit—not opposite, but in that pile of the building which fronts the entrance—there sits, and has sat for these three hours, a black-bearded artist engaged in painting a female figure with a child on her knee. We can see but half of the face of the former, and the bare knee of the child; and of the artist himself we can discern but the back and shoulders, and raven beard and whisker, and the projection of a sharp, unfleshy, intellectual-looking nose—nothing besides, save now and then the end of a brush and the knuckle of his bony thumb rising through his palette. In the room immediately over his head sit, or rather lounge, a couple of young fellows with cigars in their mouths and fencing foils in their hands. Now and then they rise, and lounge and parry at one another, and stamp with their feet, waving their cigars aloft in the left hand.

Hark! there is a tap at our chamber door—"Entrez." It is the *garçon* come to make our bed. The *garçon* here does everything: he is chambermaid as well as shoeblack, cook as well as chambermaid, and scullion as well as cook. In one or more of these, or of analogous capacities, he has half a score representatives in this hotel, and they are all as continually busy as if the whole weight of the concern were upon their shoulders. The bed is made with a summary sort of celerity which would astonish an English housemaid; and he gives us to understand that he will "make the chamber"—by which he may mean that he will do the necessary dusting and sweeping—when we are gone to dinner.

Meanwhile the sky has grown a little lighter, and the few drops of rain as they fall sparkle like diamonds in the fitful gleams of the sun. Little Minette, the porter's daughter, has tripped out of the lodge, and gone to talk—she must talk with somebody—with the *garçon* Boots. He is smiling with a grim sort of pleasantry at her little speeches, which she delivers with a charming air of demureness, when down comes in his slippers the identical Bull who threw his leggings out of window to be cleaned. He is flushed and out of temper, and all the more so that he has not French enough at command to scold in.

"Donny may bot," says he.

"Que dites vous? Je ne comprends pas," retorts Boots, with an impassive look that defies suspicion.

Bull fidgets and fumes, and, driven at length to his last resource, thrusts his hand in his pocket and pulls out a handful of sous. Seizing one of his boots, which stand there untouched, he throws the coppers into it, and jingles them in the ears of the man of blacking, bawling the while—

"Comprency arjong, Massoo? Comprency arjong?"

The little girl laughs till she bends double, and the whole court rings with her clear voice; and Bull is so pleased with the humour of the child that he dives again in his pocket and gives her a silver coin, which she accepts with a grace of manner and gesture which would become a princess. The flying boots are already in train for a masterly

polish, and Bull has not retreated three minutes ere "Gawson" is mounting to his chamber with the desiderated articles.

Minette is gazing at her new coin as it lies in the palm of her hand, and actually kissing it, when Madame Ganai returns with laden basket, and followed by the shaggy poodle. Poodle leaps upon the child, and leaves the impress of his muddy paws on her white pinafore. Madame screams, kicks poodle, and chases Minette into the lodge, setting down her basket at the door. Old Ganai begins routing it over; takes out a trussed fowl, a great lump of sturgeon and a piece of beef, and runs across with them to the kitchen—returns again and fetches the vegetables—and then, still pottering in the basket, takes it into his den. Then there is a ring at the bell, and a moment after appears the *charbonnier*, lugging in an immense sack of charcoal, which disappears through one of the doors—the man emerging the next minute. Ganai signs the *charbonnier's* book, and sends him off. But now comes the baker, and madame is busy with the loaves in his basket, which will be lightened of half its contents ere it leaves the premises. The grocer's man follows upon the heels of the baker, and having delivered a part of his cargo to the porter and his wife, he mounts the stairs to wait upon others of his customers. There are probably not much fewer than a hundred separate tenements in this vast building, and were it not for the fact that a large proportion of the inmates take their meals habitually from home, the labour of provisioning it would be a much more onerous burden than it is, and would inevitably entail a new system of internal organisation.

#### "RELIGION MAKES MEN GLOOMY."

Who told you so? "My own heart." Your own heart! But have you not read, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" And will you believe that heart? "My light-headed and trifling companions." Your companions! But what do they know about it? they never tasted any of its joys or sorrows, and are in utter ignorance of both. Would you ask a blind man his opinion of colours, or a deaf man his opinion of sounds, and form your judgment by their decision? Go you to other sources for your information, ere you pronounce religion gloomy. Go ask those who have felt its power, who know all the joys of sin and many of the joys of religion, and ask them if such has been its influence. Go to Solomon, the wise king of Israel; ask him, "Does religion make men gloomy?" He had drunk of every cup of earthly joy that wealth or influence could command. "I gathered me," he says, "also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings and of the provinces: I gat men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men. I was great; and whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from joy." Eccl. ii. 8—10. But was he happy in consequence? "Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit," ver. 11. But when he turned to religion, and her sweet influence came upon his mind, he exclaimed, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Prov. iii. 17.

Religion make men gloomy! Did it make Paul and Silas gloomy, as they sang praises in the dungeon? Did it make the first martyr, Stephen, gloomy, as he breathed out his soul in peace, and his countenance shone as the face of an angel?

But go higher for your answers. Let heaven and hell be appealed to. Which is the happiest place in the universe—is not heaven? Which is the most miserable place in the universe—is not hell? Which is the most religious? Heaven is the most religious; it is all religion there. Which is the most irreligious? Hell is the most irreligious; there is no religion there. Let the joys of heaven and the agonies of hell, then, give the answer. No! religion never makes men gloomy; but, on the contrary, it has gilded the path of many a tried and afflicted soul through life, and proved the sweetest solace in the hour of death. And the more I feel its influence, and live beneath its power, the nearer I shall come to the joys of heaven, and the light and love and bliss that reign around God's throne.

#### THE TWO ANGELS.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.\*

Two angels, one of life and one of death,  
Passed o'er the valley as the morning broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath  
The sombre horses hearsed with plumes of smoke.  
Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of white;  
And one was crowned with amaranth as with flame,  
And one with asphodels like flakes of light.  
I saw them pause on their celestial way;  
Then, said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,  
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray  
The place where thy beloved are at rest."  
And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending at my door began to knock;  
And my soul sunk within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.  
I recognised the nameless agony—  
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain  
That oft before had filled and haunted me,  
And now returned with threefold strength again.  
The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened—for I thought I heard God's voice—  
And, knowing whatso'er he sent was blest,  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.  
Then, with a smile that filled the house with light,  
"My errand is not death but life," he said;  
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.  
'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath  
Pausing descended, and with voice divine  
Whispered a word that had a sound like death.  
Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin,  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued where but one went in.  
All is of God! if he but move his hand,  
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo! he looks back from the departing clond.  
Angels of Life and Death alike are his;  
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;  
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against his messenger to shut the door?

\* Composed on the birth of one of his children, a brother poet having, at almost the same time, been deprived by death of his wife.

## Varieties.

**ARAGO'S FIRST EXAMINATION.**—At the Polytechnic School, Arago prepared himself for the course of the artillery service; and at his examination at Toulouse, M. Monge, the examiner, was not a little struck at his proficiency and independence. The autobiographer gives the following report of his first introductory conversation with the examiner:—

"If you are going to answer like your comrade, it is useless for me to question you."

"Sir, my comrade knows much more than he has shown; I hope to be more fortunate than him; but what you have just said to me might well intimidate me and deprive me of all my powers."

"Timidity is always the excuse of the ignorant; it is to save you from the shame of a defeat that I make you the proposal of not examining you."

"I know of no greater shame than that which you now inflict upon me. Will you be so good as to question me? it is your duty."

"You carry yourself very high, sir! We shall see presently whether this be a legitimate pride."

"Proceed, sir; I wait for you."

"M. Monge then put to me a geometrical question, which I answered in such a way as to diminish his prejudices. From this he passed on to a question in algebra, to the resolution of a numerical equation. I had the work of Lagrange at my fingers' ends; I analysed all the known methods, pointing out their advantages and defects: Newton's method, the method of recurring series, the method of depression, the method of continued fractions—all were passed in review; the answers had lasted an entire hour. Monge, brought over now to feelings of great kindness, said to me, 'I could, from this moment, consider the examination at an end. I will, however, for my own pleasure, ask you two more questions. What are the relations of a curved line to the straight line which is a tangent to it?' I looked upon this question as a particular case of the theory of occultations which I had studied in Lagrange's 'Fonctions Analytiques.' 'Finally,' said the examiner to me, 'How do you determine the tension of the various cords of which a funicular machine is composed?' I treated this problem according to the method expounded in the 'Mécanique Analytique.' It is clear that Lagrange had supplied all the resources of my examination."

"I had been two hours and a quarter at the table. M. Monge, going from one extreme to the other, got up, came and embraced me, and solemnly declared that I should occupy the first place on his list."

**NAPOLEON AT ELBA, HEARING OF THE DEATH OF JOSEPHINE.**—Monsieur Hollar, who, after serving in the army, became gardener to the Emperor during his exile at Elba, relates the following circumstance in relation to the mode in which the fallen potentate first learnt the death of the wife of his early days. "About the commencement of June 1814, the drums, which it was the habit to sound every day on the Emperor's first leaving the house, were not heard in the little capital for three consecutive days. The townsfolk wondered at the fact that their active Emperor should not have taken his usual exercise, and questions did not fail to be asked as to the reason. The answer was soon made known. Josephine, the wife of his youth, the faithful Josephine, was dead. The Chamberlain had at first tried to conceal the news by keeping back the newspapers, for no one had written to the exile to tell him of his loss; but the expedient did not succeed. He inquired for the journals, they were brought, and he learnt the fatal news. There were none to comfort him. Pauline, his sister, was gone; his mother had not as yet arrived; and he was left to bear alone the sad visitation."

The late eminent geologist, Mr. G. B. Greenough, has left a fortune of 180,000*l.*, all derived, it is said, from his father, a manufacturer of lozenges.

Nor less than 82,000 pieces of copper coinage are now daily being struck at Birmingham.

The enormous horologe of the Clock Tower, at the new Houses of Parliament, will, when erected, afford its keepers two hours' work a week in winding it up!

**NAPOLEON AND THE MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE.**—"The members of the Institute were always presented to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. On the appointed day, in company with the presidents, with the secretaries of the four classes, and with the academicians who had special publications to offer to the chief of the state, they assembled in one of the saloons of the Tuileries. When the Emperor returned from mass, he held a kind of review of these *savans*, these artists, these literary men, in green uniform."

"I must own that the spectacle which I witnessed on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I even experienced real displeasure in seeing the anxiety evinced by members of the Institute to be themselves noticed."

"'You are very young,' said Napoleon to me on coming near me; and without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would not have been difficult to find, he added—'What is your name?' And my neighbour on the right, not leaving me time to answer the certainly simple enough question just addressed to me, hastened to say—

"His name is Arago."

"What science do you cultivate?"

"My neighbour on the left immediately replied—

"He cultivates astronomy."

"What have you done?"

"My neighbour on the right, jealous of my left hand neighbour for having encroached on his rights at the second question, now hastened to reply, and said—

"He has just been measuring the line of the meridian in Spain."

"The Emperor imagining, doubtless, that he had before him either a dumb or imbecile man, passed on to another member of the Institute. This one was not a novice, but a naturalist well known through his beautiful and important discoveries; it was M. Lamarck. The old man presented a book to Napoleon."

"What is that?" said the latter; "it is your absurd *meteorology*, in which you rival Matthieu Laensberg. It is this 'annuaire' which dishonours your old age. Do something in Natural History, and I should receive your productions with pleasure. As to this volume, I only take it in consideration of your white hair. Here!" And he passed the book to an aide-de-camp."

"Poor M. Lamarck, who, at the end of each sharp and insulting sentence of the Emperor, tried in vain to say, 'It is a work on Natural History which I present to you,' was weak enough to fall into tears."

"The Emperor, immediately afterwards, met with a more energetic antagonist in the person of M. Lanjuinais. The latter had advanced, book in hand. Napoleon said to him, sneeringly:—

"The entire senate, then, will have to give place to the Institute?" "Sire," replied Lanjuinais, "it is the body of the state to which most time is left for occupying itself with literature."

"The Emperor, displeased at this answer, at once quitted the civil uniforms, and busied himself among the great epaulettes which filled the room."—*History of my Youth*, by Mr. Arago.

**CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.**—American journals contain many curious particulars from the lately published census of the United States, taken in 1850. The States then contained 23,191,176 inhabitants—being only 4,319,571 less than the united population of Great Britain and Ireland. Of the above, 3,204,313 are slaves. The number of children attending school was 4,089,507. There were of the free population, adults upwards of twenty years of age, 1,053,420 who could not read nor write. Of "libraries other than private" there were 15,615, containing 4,638,411 volumes. Of newspapers and periodicals there were 2526, issuing annually 426,409,978 copies. Of these, 254 were daily papers, with an average circulation of nearly 1,000,000 copies each per annum. In round numbers the state contained 27,000 clergymen, 24,000 lawyers, and 41,000 physicians and surgeons. The live stock included 4,336,719 horses and 6,385,094 milch cows.—*Excelsior*.